

Posted by u/Speedhump23 4 hours ago

Death world veterans.

OC OC

Scene: At a Post battle dinner.

The leaders of the attacking armies of Trre-t 2 were catching up over some fried tubers and watered down distilled liquids. The generals were debriefing each other over the different unit performances from the recent attempt to subjugate Wriss 455. Trying to see what went wrong. W 455 was a small agri world, ripe for conquest. They had no standing army and only grew plants on consignment for other races. There was something about the light from their binary system that made crops grow fast and healthy.

Southern battle group had some of the new mercs from death world Popli 5. The insectoid killers were born fighting their environment. Given battle armour, they performed rather well... until...

Battle group north had two detachments of mechi-units from Iron rains. An establish merc group, trained on some of the harshest death worlds in their sector. Their armour could crush any opposition in days... until that is...

The general from battle centre group limped in late. His legions of Feline dragons had cleaned up most of the planets in their sector, and would have won the day on Wriss 455... until... their losses were absolute. They had not even made it to the surface, and the general's craft had only survived because he was leading from the rear.

The plan was tried and true. Declare the invasion, demand total surrender and endure a token 13% population reduction, with the remaining natives turned into bonded slaves. Simple... Until, that is, the natives said no. No one said no now days. The result of saying no was total reduction of the population. So be it... the traditional two weeks' notice of extermination had been filed, and then, two weeks later, the next step was to capture the three main space ports using the mercenaries, cleanse the indigenous populations from the nearby major cities and then follow up with the rest of them.

The generals regretted the cost of the extra ammunitions involved with reducing the entire population, but no one said no to them... until now.

The two weeks had seen the natives scrape together a defence no one from Trre-t saw coming. And they had not done it alone. If the reports were to be believed, a small group of Terrans had helped defend the planet.

The combined mercenary army had entered orbit, started to deploy to the three main space port zones, and died in flames and explosions. It did not make sense, all the initial intelligence said that no external force was going to aid the natives of Wriss 455. They simply did not have the funds to pay for an army of a size suitable to withstand the combine merc force.

The guards came in to the mess room, and ordered the generals back to their cells. They were being treated well, as inter-gal law dictated. Allowed to meet for mid meals and speak freely, even their wounds were being treated. Following the standard conditions for such a hostile takeover failing, the surviving merc units which had taken part in the ill-fated attack, were now the property of Wriss 455's government, and would have to serve them for 2 standard generations. News was, they were already being trained in crop tending.

The generals who had tried to capture the planet were being returned to their home world... permanently.

Losing a sanctioned and declared war of conquest, when you were the attackers, was very embarrassing. The generals would be retired with full military pensions and then allowed to live out the rest of their days on their home planet. As the Trre-t 2 planetary government had declared the war, they would be required to pay retribution to Wriss 455, or surrender their home world to the victors.

Luckily for the government of Trre-t 2, the Wriss government were not making any extreme claims. The standard non-aggression pact for 10 standard generations had been filed before the generals had left for home on the Tribunal's guard ships.

The general of the northern force sat down in his cabin and asked the guard, a Terran marine, if he was a member of one of the units who had helped defend Wriss 455. The Terran smiled, no sir, he was employed by the galactic tribunal. The Terran marines were the units of choice for those who could afford them. Growing up on a death world where they had been fighting amongst themselves for most of their history, had bred the best warriors in the Galaxy.

The guard laughed and pointed out that no Terran Marine units had been involved. Just a small team of mirror salesmen from "Downunder". "Hold on!" the general said, "Are not the Terran Marines the best fighting force in the Galaxy? What unit of Terrans could have taken part, with such great skills, if not for the Terran Marines?"

Showing the general his data pad, the Terran Marine pulled up images of great forests of trees. The trees were about 40 m tall and all had olive green/ grey leaves. See these trees. They are "gum trees". The Wriss 455 corps are paid a pretty dollar per tonne for the leaves.

Why? Are they edible for humans or medicinal in nature?

Not in the slightest, in fact, the only animal in the Galaxy that can eat them are about 30 to 40 cm tall, and sleep most of the day.

I do not understand, you said they are not edible, but some small animal does? Yes sir, believe me, we don't get it either.

It was all over the local news nets last month. The Aussies had decided to sell the Wriss 455 agro companies the latest in Terran solar mirror technology. These mirrors would allow the W 455 agri corps to increase yields of their crops by a significant magnitude, and the deal was they would get a discount on leaf production for a few years. Your takeover was declared just after the Aussies had deployed their solar mirrors and were on ground setting up the control sites. If you had attacked straight away, you would have won, but you gave them 2 weeks to reposition the existing mirrors and deploy even more of them from their stockpiles.

Your merc troops ships were then trying to make planet fall while being sliced apart by reflected sunlight “laser” beams, of such immense power, it is amazing any of their ships survived to crash land. A rather brilliant idea if I say so, but I hear the lead technician is crediting an old sci fi book he read a few years ago for the idea.

The general looked at the guard with a puzzled look... “You mean they were not Terran marines? Who were they then?

Let me spell it out, You all think Terrans grew up on a death world. That sounds scary, but in truth, we actually rather like the place in most cases. I grew up in the UK, were we like Marine service, because it gets us away from the fog and rain, but you pissed off a group of people who live in a part of the world we all consider to be the most deadly place on our planet.

Think about it, we think their country is a death world compared to ours, and you pissed them off by declaring war on the only other place in the Galaxy you can grow food for one of their national icons.